

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XVIII. No. 19

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FEBRUARY 5, 1928

## Wyman's Walking House

By Mabel S. Merrill

### Chapter V

STAR felt like a prisoner when the door of that old dark house was shut upon her. But *Jemima Wade* was very kind to them, in her way. The only trouble was that she seemed to think they did not know what was good for them nearly as well as she did. She put a mustard plaster on *Celia's* poor little throat and told Star not to eat one of the nice hot biscuits at supper time because they were not fit for little girls. But she gave her some delicious strawberry preserves to eat with the cold bread and she pressed them all to take a second big slice of her frosted cake which she said was so light it wouldn't hurt a fly.

After supper she put *Celia* to bed in a big room on the ground floor and left her with Star, but not before she had said something that made the little elder sister's heart sink with dismay.

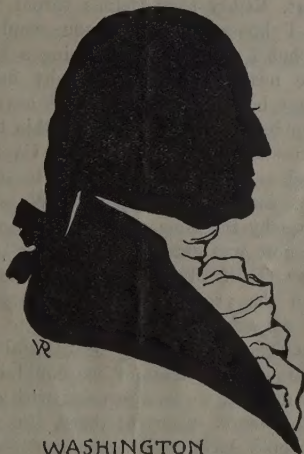
"I've made up my mind," declared *Jemima*, "that this baby mustn't go on in the morning. No knowing what will happen to her, knocking about the country this way with nobody to take care of her."

"I can take care of her," retorted Star hotly. "Mother trusted me to do it while she is away."

"Then your mother is not a very wise woman. I shall keep you and the baby here all safe while that boy travels down to where you said your parents were. He must tell them that they are to wait till this child is well before they start for California. Yes, I heard all you told me about their being at *Denslow Hill* waiting for you. But they can wait a little longer. Sore throats are not to be trifled with."

"But the soreness will be all gone in the morning," pleaded Star. "It always is. You will let us go on if she is all well, won't you?"

Star felt suddenly like a very small fly in a spider's web and she was really frightened when *Jemima Wade* pursed up her lips and said:



WASHINGTON

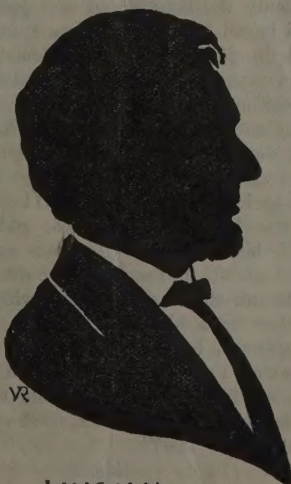
### The Patriot Month

D. PRISCILLA EDGERTON

*Silhouettes by Violet K. Roberts*

Smallest month as time is measured;  
Largest on the honor score;  
Two great birthdays it has treasured;  
Each a hero proudly bore.

Many stars make up the glory  
Of our Flag, but all their light  
Clusters round the two-fold story  
Of the Men whose MIGHT was RIGHT.



LINCOLN

"I sha'n't take any risks. Children of your age shouldn't be wandering around the country, and how do I know that you have told me the truth about going down to meet your folks? For all I know, you may be running away."

At these words Star's heart gave a great thump of terror. So that was what this strange old woman thought, that they were running away! She would keep them here and send Wyman off with the Walking House.

"I couldn't slip out and follow him on foot with *Celia*," thought Star as she lay in the big bed beside her little sister.

She worried about it until she could bear it no longer, then she got up softly and went to one of the closed windows.

The house was quite still by this time. *Jemima* had gone to her bed in a room upstairs. Star unfastened the window and pushed up the sash a little at a time, so as to make less noise. When it was open far enough so that she could slip through she put on her dress and sweater and climbed out. Softly as a mouse, she stole away in the darkness and found the Walking House out by the barn behind the clump of lilacs.

Wyman was lying on his blankets across the open door and she could see the glow of the little fire in the stove that had been around the world. In a rapid whisper she told him everything that *Jemima Wade* had said. To her surprise, Wyman was not nearly as angry as she was when she came to the part about their running away.

"Why shouldn't she think we're running away?" asked Wyman. "We're perfect strangers to her and she has no way of knowing whether we are telling the truth. We could prove it soon enough if we could get word up to *Huldah Ann*, or *Silas*, or anybody who knows us. But there isn't time for that. Well, all the same, we are going on in the morning."

"She never will let us," urged Star in a frightened whisper. "O Wyman, couldn't we start right now? I'll run back and get *Celia*."

"We couldn't travel in the dark," the boy reminded her. Road's so rough we might smash the Walking House against a tree. You run back and creep into



bed with Celia and sleep till I call you. Of course you won't shut that window."

Star obeyed him. It was plain that Wyman had a plan and that was enough. She took the mustard off Celia's throat and they both fell asleep.

There was just a glimpse of daylight behind the clump of lilacs when Star heard her brother's low whisper almost in her ear — for the bed was close beside the open window.

"Get ready and come as soon as you can, and don't be scared if the old lady wakes up and orders you not to go. She can't stop us, but we will get away without a fuss if we can. Hand me the baby. I have brought a warm blanket to put around her."

Star was not so sure that Jemima Wade could not stop them if she chose. The little girl's hands were trembling as she fastened her dress and shoes. It was a long moment before she was out of the window and stealing away in the shadows.

Inside the Walking House she heaved a sigh of relief and hugged Celia who was hugging the brown-eyed dog. Wyman had Job all harnessed and they went jogging quietly down the road.

Wyman looked back once at the tall dark shape of the house they were leaving.

"She can make good cake," he remarked, "and she gave us two big slices all round. I've nothing against that lady, though you couldn't make her believe in fresh air, and those things. I reckon she is just old-fashioned."

"I wish I'd written her a nice note to put on the pincushion, as runaway folks do in stories," whispered Star. "But I shall always say that she had no business to think we weren't telling the truth when we said we were on our way to father and mother."

They drove past the village of Grosville just as the little place was waking up. This was the town where they had expected to spend their second night with some neighbor who knew Huldah Ann and Silas. But the second night was past now and there was no need to stop.

They were cooking breakfast in a dewy hollow a mile below the village when they spied a motorcycle coming up the road.

"Hello, it's Reddy Hall," exclaimed Wyman, "Well, this looks like home."

Reddy Hall was a boy of fifteen who lived at the lumber camps up in the country they had left. He had a new motorcycle and was so fond of it that he spent most of his time riding from the camp down to Denslow Hill and back again. They remembered that he had called at Huldah Ann's house that morning they came away, just as they were trying to decide whether or not it was safe to start when Celia had a sore throat.

But he had gone away like a flash in the midst of their talk.

Reddy stopped beside them and tossed a letter to Star. "From your folks," he explained. "I was going to take it up country to you — didn't suppose you'd started. But you might as well have it now. Your mother gave it to me this morning at Denslow Hill."

He was off in a twinkling, leaving them staring at the letter. It was a note addressed in their mother's handwriting. Wyman tore it open and these were the first words he saw:

"I'm so sorry, so sorry, dears, that you couldn't come, but you did just right not to start. Reddy says Celia's throat was sore; I knew then that you wouldn't come, but I couldn't help hoping a little all the next day, that the baby might have got better. Well, we shall have to give up having you with us on this trip. We are starting earlier than the Captain planned at first, because he has to see a man on business at Appleton. We shall be there by the time you get this note."

The note was dated that morning from Denslow Hill. Star and Wyman let it fall on the ground while they sat and stared at each other.

"They've gone," wailed Star, "and left us behind. O Wyman, if we could have sent word that we were coming with only an old slow ox to get us there, I'm sure they would have waited, or sent somebody after us with a car."

"Too late to think of that now," groaned Wyman. "Appleton is sixty miles from here and we stranded by the roadside with an ox and a Walking House! It would take us three days to get there, and likely as not they're gone already."

The boy's voice failed him and for a few minutes they sat there in a miserable little heap just as they had sat by the lumber pile on the morning when Thaxter Fales found them. They had lost their great chance and would never have another like it, so they thought.

Suddenly the brown-eyed dog jumped up and began barking and then spinning around in joyful circles as something came bowling swiftly down the road from the direction of Grosville. It seemed to be some sort of automobile and when it slowed down beside them they were so astonished at its appearance that they forgot to look at the driver. The long body was built of old boards patched up with bits of wood of various colors. Part of an old billboard was built into the side and stared out at them with tall red letters on a blue ground.

"Handsome, isn't it?" asked the voice of Thaxter Fales. "I salvaged that old engine of the Walking Junk Shop and built the body myself. Well, now, what's the matter this time?"

(To be continued)

## Betsy Ross Entertains

By Emma Florence Bush

"I WISH I could have a different birthday party," said Sylvia.

"Perhaps you can," answered Aunt Elizabeth who had just finished writing her letter to Uncle Herbert. "I have been thinking about your birthday party for some time. A little girl whose birthday comes in February ought to have a different birthday party surely, for that month is the birthday of two of the greatest men that ever lived, Washington and Lincoln. Your birthday comes right between theirs, and —" she stopped suddenly. "I have an idea," she said; "we will talk it all over after I have asked mother to help us," and Sylvia ran happily away to school, for she knew that with mother and Aunt Elizabeth planning a party something delightful was bound to happen.

"I think," said Aunt Elizabeth that evening, as Sylvia settled herself in the big chair to listen to the plans, that, as Washington gave the country its flag, and Lincoln kept it flying over the United States and not a divided nation, we should have a patriotic party, and use flags. You know that Betsy Ross made the first flag, and —"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Sylvia eagerly, "I know. She showed them how to cut out a five-pointed star when they didn't know how."

"Yes," said Aunt Elizabeth, "and you can dress as Betsy Ross and receive your guests in costume."

Mother suggested that Sylvia leave the refreshments to her and the party itself to Aunt Elizabeth, and a few days later, ten little girls each received the following invitation:

"Please come, Thursday, February 19th, to meet Betsy Ross, and please come dressed in some appropriate manner to greet her."

Aunt Elizabeth was very busy getting Sylvia's dress ready, and answering a great many telephones from anxious mothers, but when the day of the party came, ten little girls threw off their wraps and turned at once into little Betsy Ross's revolutionary neighbors. Yes, ten little, hair-powdered maidens, with tiny black patches on their cheeks, stood eagerly waiting to see what was going to happen at the party.

First Aunt Elizabeth had them play old-fashioned games, — Hide-and-Seek, Blind Man's Buff, Drop the Handkerchief, and Stage Coach. "We will not play London Bridge," she said, for when Betsy Ross was making the flag they did not want anything London."

Then she gave them all a white star and hung up a flag made of red, white,



and blue cambric, and blindfolded each little girl, who then tried to pin a star on to the blue ground.

Alice pinned one right in the center of the blue and Aunt Elizabeth gave her a Flag Game for a prize, while poor little Elsie pinned hers on mother's window curtain. How they all laughed, and Elsie laughed, too.

Next, each little girl was given a box that contained a cut-up American Flag, and there was a prize for the one who put hers together first, and soon Gertrude was the owner of a tiny silk flag, because she put hers together almost five minutes before any of the others did.

Then Mother and Aunt Elizabeth brought in ice cream, and piles of delicious little cakes, with red-and-white frosting, each sitting in a little blue paper cup. After they had finished eating, Mother went to the piano and played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and they all sang as much as they could of it. And wasn't Mother surprised when every one of the eleven little Betsy Rosses knew every single word. She said they did better than most grown people she knew.

"Here is something to take home with you," said Aunt Elizabeth, and she gave each of them a little basket tied with red, white, and blue ribbons, filled with little chocolate buds, twisted into red, white and blue papers.

"I do think my Betsy Ross party was lovely," said Sylvia, as she watched the last little guest skip down the path with her basket, "and I surely had something different for this birthday."

## Little Talks on Health

BY DR. EDWARD ORMEROD

### 2. Don't Lose Your Temper!

**P**ERHAPS the greatest help a fellow could have in training himself to control a bad temper would be a good clear, close-up photograph of himself in one of his finest rages! If he could sit down and view this for a few moments daily it would not be long before he would remember it when tempted to fly off the handle and burn somebody up!

It is never good business to give somebody a piece of our mind — because few of us have more mind than we need to get by anyhow, so we cannot afford to give some of it away!

All said and done, a mad man is a mad-man! . . . and who wants to admit that he is a looney?

Once in a while a fellow does the right thing when he is in a rage. There is such a thing as righteous indignation. Even Jesus once laid hold of a rope's end and drove pell-mell from the Temple a gang of shysters who had come there to desecrate the place with their crooked finance. But for every case where a fellow does the right thing when he is mad, there must be scores of cases where the wrong thing is inevitably done. If this were not so we would not have so many fellows saying, when they have cooled down: "I'm sorry! . . . I lost my temper!" — and they might add: "and my common-sense with it!"

Bad temper is an unhealthy thing. . . .

I do not mean as regards the fellow it is aimed at. Flaming outbursts of wrath are often followed by severe headaches, and sometimes by very unpleasant upsets of digestion. In other cases, symptoms of general poisoning of the whole body are presented. A typical example of this is seen in the person classed generally as "dyspeptic." Thin, with face drawn and worried, an anxious expression constantly in view, short of temper, complaining . . . you know the rest of it! Scores of these cases started in nothing other than bad temper, uncontrolled until it had set up the commencement of the unpleasant conditions we now see. We recognize almost instinctively the fellow of good temper or good humor. His pleasant face and comfortably nourished body are his credentials.

Temper, good or bad, like other of our characteristics, is very much a matter of habit. After we have thought it over a bit we will come to feel ashamed that we lost control of ourselves at a critical moment — that is what temper means — and when we are sufficiently ashamed, we will find means to guard against making fools of ourselves again. The way to be good-tempered is just to keep a firm grip on ourselves; to realize that in giving way to rage we are 99 per cent likely to go wrong . . . whereas in declining to get "het up" we are in danger of making not more than 1 per cent error. That 1 per cent provides for the occasion when a fellow should properly boil over and bust something!

But for the ninety-nine times . . . Don't lose your temper!

## The Boyhood of David Lloyd George

By John F. Cowan

**W**HEN in London last summer my mind was set on personally interviewing the British premier, then a member of Parliament, but still a potentially great leader. Letters of introduction gave me access. I met an undersized Welshman, in a loose-fitting gray suit, wearing a boutonniere, white hair waving about his head. Sometimes as he spoke he wore a whimsical expression, heightened by a trick of dropping an eyelid as if to take one into a sly joke.

Britain's greatest twentieth-century man, as some think, had a humble beginning. His father, a Welsh schoolmaster, died when David was four years old, leaving him to the guardianship of an uncle, brother of his mother, Richard Lloyd, a lowly cobbler on week days, and a fervent minister of the Church of the Disciples on Sunday.

He took the widow and three children into his humble cottage at Llanystumdwy, giving the children his name. A stern psalm-singing religious devotee, he was

kind-hearted and conscientious with them. But the great War Premier told of a life of stern discipline, of privations, scant fare, hard work. The pennies had to be pinched.

His uncle was his teacher in the Bible and history; the boy grew to love and reverence him as a father. Loyalty to his memory when he passed away, in 1917, took Lloyd George from Downing Street, a slumbering volcano, in the midst of a great political crisis. Overnight, this man, so vitally important to France, Italy, Russia, the world, suddenly dropped out of view to make a pilgrimage of affectionate remembrance to the grave of the uncle who had saved his childhood from utter poverty and maybe wreck. He stood bareheaded in gray flurries of rain while they buried the village shoemaker, his best friend.

Out of such a boyhood came this great man; and so it may be again because God wills, and boys will to come to the best and highest.

## Eavesdroppers

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

Oh, the Icicles hang on the edge of the eaves,  
And perhaps they all laugh up their Icicle sleeves;  
For they catch all the gossip the Wind has to tell,  
And the whispers of Snowflakes they hear very well.  
All the secrets they learn I am sure they let slip,  
When the Sun makes them speak in a merry "Drip, Drip!"

Oh, some days they are fat, and some days they are thin,  
But as long as they last they are happy within.  
Though in daytime they thaw and at night they all freeze,  
Yet they never forget their gay Icicle glees.  
When they have to let go with a "Click!" and a "Clink!"  
They are splitting with musical laughter, I think!



# THE BEACON CLUB

## The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

75 SUMTER ST.,  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Dear Editor: I should like very much to belong to the Beacon Club and wear a pin. I belong to the Westminster Church School. My teacher's name is Miss Alfred and our minister is Mr. Hathaway. I like the stories in *The Beacon*. I am nine years old.

Yours truly,  
SHELDON CADY.

7 CENTER ST.,  
KINGSTON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I should like to belong to the Beacon Club and wear a pin. I am eight years old. My father's name is Clinton Keith and my teacher's name is Mrs. Baker. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I should like to have some one of my age write to me.

Yours very truly,  
VIRGINIA KEITH.

711 13TH EAST,  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Dear Editor: I should like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I go to the Unitarian church in Salt Lake City. I like *The Beacon* very much. I am eleven years old and am in the seventh grade at the William M. Stewart School.

Yours sincerely,  
VIRGINIA COPPOCK.

BRANT ROCK, MASS.

Dear Editor: I have joined the Beacon Club but I have lost my pin, so I am writing to ask for another one. I belong to the Grace Chapel Sunday School of Green Harbor. My teacher's name is Miss Julia Peterson; she also conducts the Sunday school. I am thirteen years old and should like some one near my age to correspond with me.

Sincerely yours,  
BETTY NORTHRUP.

11 NESMITH ST.,  
LOWELL, MASS.

Dear Editor: I should like to belong to the Beacon Club. I am nine years old. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I go to All Souls' Sunday School. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Doris Vedder. I am in the fourth grade.

Yours truly,  
CLARE S. REED.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

## A Little Nook for All Good Books

By MARJORIE ELLICOTT (AGE 11)

A very interesting book for girls is "Rosalie Dare's Test," by Amy Brooks. Rosalie, a little maid of seven, is very cheerful and obeys quickly. Her father and mother are dead and she lives with her Uncle Bruce and Aunt Constance. In this book she visits her Uncle Stanton and her Aunt Cynthia, with their spoiled son, Stanton, Jr. How Rosalie teaches and helps him, and how Stanton changes his ways and makes himself over, are interestingly told in this book.

Another book for boys which is very exciting is called "Bob Thorpe, A Sky-Fighter in Italy." The author's name is Bishop. Bob Thorpe, a courageous lad, flies an aeroplane back and forth across the Adriatic, making photographs and maps of Austria.

"Under the Lilacs," a very popular book, was written by Louisa May Alcott, who wrote so many interesting stories. This book is very sympathetic and deals with the life and wanderings of a circus boy, Ben, and dear little Betty and Bab. It is a book for both boys and girls.

Miss Clare W. Hunt has rewritten a jolly book called "Memoirs of a London Doll." Every girl should read it as it is very interesting. Maria Poppet, the wonder doll, describes her adventures in London. She has many little mothers, among them Ellen Plummy, Little Lady Flora, Brigitta, and Mary Hope. This is a very good book which should be read by every girl from eight to thirteen.

## An Invitation

Members of our Church Schools in and around Boston are invited to attend the Mid-Winter Conference of Lend-a-Hand Clubs to be held in the West Roxbury Unitarian Church on Saturday, February 18 — 10.30 to 4 — under the auspices of the four Lend-a-Hand Clubs of that church. In the morning, the various clubs represented will give reports of their activities. Among the speakers in the afternoon will be Mrs. Inez Scott Harlow, of the Education Department of the Children's Museum of Boston, who will speak on "Mexico" and show lantern slides of the country and the people. Information will also be given about the project of sending Friendship School

## Puzzlers

### Enigma

I am composed of 16 letters and am the title of a poem by Longfellow.

My 4, 5, 14, 16, 3 is a light task.

My 7, 6, 8 is a cover.

My 12, 14, 15, 9 is acid.

My 1, 2, 10, 11 is an adverb of time.

My 14, 13 is an exclamation.

J. M. W.

### Twisted Names of Countries

- |                 |              |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. Werstndliaz. | 6. Yaguhrn.  |
| 2. Nagemyr.     | 7. Ewedens.  |
| 3. Asisur.      | 8. Nalerdi.  |
| 4. Hanie.       | 9. Rafene.   |
| 5. Baireis.     | 10. Lodnahl. |

RUTH BAKER.

### Will's Valentines

For valentines, for each, Will spent  
Three pennies, one cent and one cent.

Then afterwards Will bought six more  
And paid apiece six cents *plus* four.

Will spent for these a dollar bill, —  
How many valentines bought Will?

C. N. H.

### Answers to Puzzles in No. 17

*Transformed Birds*.—Crow and Parrot. Transformed—Prow and Carrot.

*Charade*.—Elastic.

*Colonel Puzzler*.—Send on three horses seven guns and ropes.

Bags to the children of Mexico. Delegates attending the meeting should take box luncheons. Mrs. Frederick H. Hunter, 41 Wren Street, West Roxbury (Parkway 4183) will be glad to know in advance how many schools will send representatives and the number in each group.

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